# Winning Engle

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#### HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

Among all the colts and fillies by Rupee (2:11, pacing) there is not a single pacer nor even a mixed-gaited one. The old pacer Dallas, with a record of 2:11% at that style of going, will be

The widow of Tom Challoner, the famous English jockey, manages a horse training establishment at Newmarket, and has a fine string of racers under her control.

C. J. Hamlin has another prize in the filly Grace Hamlin, which promises to become as fast and game a horse as her brother, Prince Regent, who has a record of 2:16 %.

The full brother of Yo Tambien and Yo El Rev. on which Chris Smith is said to have secured an option for \$45,000, died recently at Theodore Winter's ranch in Nevada. W. L. Simons, of Lexington, Kv., bas

sold to George W. Leavitt, of Boston, the 9-year-old roan colt Mickie, by Jay Bird, dam Irish Mag, by George Wilkes, for \$5,000. He trotted a half in 1:13 as a yearling and is remarkably

Ten Broeck's ten-mile race at Louistried for it, but could do no better than 7:20%. However, that was worth \$2. 800 to the mare, as it lowered the Pacific coast record.

Robert Bonner has notified D. B. Anderson, of Franklin, O., who is the owner of the speedy Nightingule, 2:18%, that his offer of \$5,000 for any horse that trots in 2:05 or better to an oldstyle sukky on any of the grand circuit tracks in 1893 is open to Nightingale or any other trotter in the world.

Misloolm Forbes, of Boston, paid \$45,-000 for Nancy Hanks, and she won \$55,-900 for him in exhibitions last year, a fairly good percentage. Capt. Griffitha paid \$350 for the paper Flying Jib, and be won \$14,785 during the season of 1892. Guy, who was bought for \$400. won \$16,250 during the past season.

The directors of the Kentucky Trotting Hurse Breeders' association have sleckled to reduce the nominating fee of meres to the \$35,000 Puturity purse from \$10 to \$5, and the nominating fee of foals from \$15 to \$20, thus carrying a solt up to June of the year of the race for \$15. This makes the Futurity the spost liberal trotting stake ever offered.

THE "ONLY KELLY." ription of Ris Appearance on the Singe at Buston.

Mike Eelly made his appearance as a song and demos man at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, the other night His partner is William C Cameron, an old-time minstrel. Kelly was recogmixed and the boys yelled "play hall." He was ratifed and couldn't find a place "Maggy Murphy's Home," and the lead. Kelly played a good second and in one or two innings passed the man-



MUCHAEL RELY

"The Man in the Moon" was rendered. Kelly then came out without the aid of his friend and recited "Casey at the Bat." His voice was strong and his gestures good; most of the lighter work being accomplished with his throwing "But hold the umpire cried," was pitched in a key reminding one of late lamented Edwin Forrest. and showed that the great ball player should have taken up tragedy. made a hit, anyway. He says he felt embarrassed, but declares he will be all right hereafter. He may give up ball playing for the black face business.

#### Some Consolution.

Maud-We can't wear our new hats to ahurch in this rain, that's certain. Belle-No; but we can put them on and stand at the window. The people opposite are just coming out.-Puck.

#### Stamboul's Record Good.

turf writer of San Francisco, has taken it was according to rule and should sounded in her voice as she said: stand.



"BAY STATE" QUITARS. MANDOLINS, BANJOS, ZITHERS, AND DRUMS. LATEST AND BEST

THE LEWIS BANJO. Send for Catalogue and extion the Instruments pos-ICHN C. BAYNES & CO. CONNORS.

The Value of a Kind Word to a Lonely Man.

"Connors," the lieutenant bad said luring their memorable interview, "have you never known anyone who was always interested in what you did, who was sorry when you got into trouble, and glad when you behaved yourself?"

"No, sir," he had replied; "I ain't had friends. I don't seem to make friends easy. I had a good pal oncet in Chicago, but he didn't gave a-he didn't care anything about my gettin'

nto trouble. "Connors," said the heutenant, and he looked thoughtfully at a silver-framed photograph on his desk, that connors saw was a picture of a little girl with long tresses of wavy hair, Tve a little daughter back in St. Paul. hope she will come out here some-More than anything else I should like to leave to her the memory of her father as an upright and, I hope, a brave soldier, and if I have any aspirations for great deeds in this profescampaigned as a trotter during the comsion of ours, it is because I want her to be proud of me when she grows older. I think it helps us to do right if we sometimes think of the sorrow we bring to those who love us and to our friends when we do wrong, and, if you've no objections, Connors, I should ike you to think of me as your friend, if you will, for I take more of an interest in you than in most men I've known in the ranks, and nothing would do me more good than to see you bring credit on yourself and your regiment, and hardly anything would grieve me more than to see you go to the devil, as you will if you don't stop now. But I think you will stop, and, if you will let me, I should like to shake hands with

Connors had suddenly found the picture of the little girl grow rather dim before his eyes, and something felt unpleasant in his throat, but he managed to mutter a "Thank ve. sir." and since that time he had been drunk only once, wille, making the record of 7:15%, has and the feelings he had known when never been knocked down. Marigold he found that the lieutenant had heard of that he had never experienced before.

And now he was standing on the edge of the parade-ground looking out on the brown prairie over which the cool autumn wind was steadily sweeping, and wishing he had been a better man. Far away the curious peaks and rocks of the Bad Lands rose like the citadels of some ancient city. The scene was a picture of dreariness, not a living or moving object in sight. If Connors had been imaginative he might have fancied he was a lonely mortal looking out on the primeval world. But his weary familiarity with these surroundings prevented their arousing any unusual feelings. He was thinking of his wretched boyhood and youth, and of the vice and crime he had seen and taken part in, of the year's sentence he had served, and how he had enlisted under an assumed name to escage capture for shooting Sandy Peters in Fagan's saloon in Chicago. It was true that if he had not shot Sandy, Sandy would have shot him, but he very well that the plea of self-defense would have availed him little with his past record, and with any number of Sandy's friends ready to testify against him. He had sometimes wished since then that he had not dodged the rough's pistol, but had stood still and made a fitting end to his youthful but precocious career in the appropriate setting of the vilest dive Chicago, and gone into the history of that city's crime as a terror to the police and an object of worthy emulation | least than waiting to be butchered, to every young tough. What made this to put his hards. The orchestra struck all the more pitiable was that Conners, with all his knowledge of evil and unpair out loose, Cameron well in the happiness, was little more than a boy in years, the time when hope should seem brightest and life most full of promise. But of late, since that talk The parody was original and with the lieutenant, and especially since the little girl had come out to join her father, life had seemed more hopeful somebow-he could not exactly tell why. "They're the only friends I've ever had-him and the little 'un," said

> back on 'em; I'll be a credit to 'em yet -if I can." A great intimacy had arisen between the little girl and Connors from the moment when the lieutenant had introduced them and the child had said, in a polite little grown-up manner: "I'm ery happy to meet you, Mr. Connors, and had insisted on shuking bands with the orderly, much to his confusion, for he did not know exactly what to do with the soft little hand she held out to him, and his sensations were curious as he looked into the great brown eyes she smilingly raised to his.

'I think Connors will excuse your calling him mister," said the lientenant, with a smile.

As Conners looked out on the prairie and thought in his way about all those things, he was conscious that he had changed very much in the last few weeks. If he could have analyzed his feelings he would have said that he had more self-respect than ever before, night air. for he had been living straighter, as he tinct longing to do something in the world, and to bring some happiness to me who were kind to him-matters he had never taken much interest in bitherto; but he may not have been greatly to blame, perhaps, for he had never known anyone who was kind to him. As he stood there he heard his name called behind him, and turning, saw the little girl running toward him across the parade ground, without her hat, the wind waving her brown hair back from her forehead. When she Joseph Cairn Simpson, the veteran came up to him she caught his hand in one of her own, resting the other conan active part in the discussion over fidingly on his coat sleeve, and, as she Stamboul's record, and penetrated looked up at him, Connars saw that deeply into the matter. He stated a her eyes were brimming over with looked up at him, Connars saw that few days ago that he was satisfied that tears, and a frightened little quaver

"Connors, they're-they're going off to fight the Indians Papa will have to leave me, won't he? and he may be killed. On, Connors, do you think he'll be killed" and she bent her head over Connors' blue sleeve and sobbed as if

her heart would break. "Don't cry, miss," said Conners. "Killed? Why, he couldn't get killed if he wanted to. Pooh!" he continned, grandly, "Injune is all cowardsthey'd run if you waved your hand at He knew that, not to put too fine a point upon it, he was lying outright; but he told himself that he was used to it and ought not to mind

"Do you think, Cennors, you could take cure of him some and not let him get shot?" and the little wint.

"Why, certainly, miss," answered Connors, promptly

You see, I'd feel more comfortable if I knew you were looking out for him. "I'll take care of him all right,

miss," said Connors. "Don't you worry. Why, in a few days he'll be back here same as to-day. "Connors," said the little girl,

brokenly, in a rush of childish gratitude, "you're-you're so good." "Me good," grouned Connors, inward-

ly, as they turned back toward the fort. Four days afterward all that was left of a detachment of twenty officers and men from X Treop, Tenth United States cavalry, were grouped in an irregular circle on a small hillock in Devil's Creek canyon, husbanding their remaining cartridges, and sometimes wondering whether they would ever see the familiar buildings of the fort again-a hypothesis that seemed extremely improbable even to the most sanguine. They knew that two of their number had been killed when the ledhorses were captured, and the bodies of two more were lying side by side in the center of the group, while three were wounded and one of whom was slowly dying behind a protecting rock. The rest were crouching or lying behind the rocks and rubbish they had hurriedly heaped up as a breastwork, watching for stray shots at the dusky figures that were occasionally seen darting from rock to rock or leaning up suddenly to fire into the little circle. They knew that there had been some

mistake in the information they had received. No one had imagined that there were such numbers of hostiles so near them. They had been entrapped, cut off from the horses and surrounded before they fairly knew what had happened. The regiment was doubtless expecting their return, but could have had no news of their danger or of the proximity of the Indians unless the redskins had been bold and numerous enough to attack the whole force sent against them. The small supply of water was going fast and the number of cartridges was becoming smaller and smaller. They knew very well what to expect: in a few hours there would be the yell, the rush of the hostiles, the hand-to-hand fight, and all there would be left would be the heap of bodies on and about those forms already in the center. But the discipline of the regular service was strong even in this crisis, and the love of fighting for its own sake, that makes good soldiers, was still apparent in the gleam that shone in a man's eye when he saw through the smoke of his earbine one of those dark figures throw up its arms and fall back. Most of the men felt in some way that there was something heroic in this position; they understood that they would die as true soldiers should fighting to the last. But the lieutenant wondered, as be steadily watched a rook from behind which two Indians were trying to get a shot, why the inspiration supposed to

accompany such scenes was wanting. In another part of the circle Conpors had been meditating a plan for the last hour, and as night approached it became a determination. Near his position, outside of the circle, was quite a large number of bowlders piled together, around which the sagebrush had sprung up rather thickly. On this side the Indians were fewer, and he thought that perhaps it might be possible for a man to get through them in the dark. If the scene had been changed to the slums of Chicago, and the Indians to policemen, he felt quite sure he could do it easily. But he reflected that Indians and policemen differed. Still, there was a bare chance, bester, at and he determined to try it.

When the stars began to appear, and the enemy commenced to fire more rapidly, he turned to the man next to him. "Look a-here, Jim," he said; "I'm-"

There was a crash of two or three shots from the Indians, and Jim rolled over on his side, his arms and legs contracted, then stiffly extended, while his face turned a ghastly white, and Connors saw that he was stone-dead. They dragged the body into the center and it beside the others. Connors Connors to himself, "and I won't go thought better of speaking to anyone about the project, and in the slight confusion occasioned by moving the man who had just been killed, stepped suddenly into the darkness, over the low protection, among the sage-brush and rocks, and disappeared. The men in the circle wondered at the sudden firing and a few yells among the enemy, and as Connors' absence was not no tieed in the excitement, a faint hope of relief was ruised; but the noise soon subsided, and all was as before.

> In the camp of the regiment the men were sitting about the fires singing and telling stories, while the officers were gathered together smoking, and occasionally wondering, where that detall of X troop could be. Still there was no real anxiety, as no hostiles were supposed to be in the neighborhood. The prairie stretched away lonely and white in the moonlight, and the voices of the regimental singers sounded sweet and plaintive on the

On a sudden there was a shout from would have expressed it. He had a dis- the sentinels on the western side of the camp, the singing stopped, and two or three of the officers ran toward the western outposts, while some confusion arose in the camp. Soon there were eries for the surgeon, and that officer, who had been interrupted by the noise at the height of one of his best stories, grumblingly arose and walked over to the spot where a group of men had gathered, bending forward to look at semething in the center of the crowd. As the surgeon approached he was surprised to see an unmistakable Indian pony standing perfectly blown near the knot of men, its legs wide apart and head down, while the steam rose from its wet skin. "Here's the doctor," said some one, and the surgeon made his way into the center of the

group, Connors was on the ground, his head and shoulders supported by one of the men. He was trying to say something, but could hardly whisper.

The detail's up in Devil's canyoneight miles-east side. Injuns all around 'em-shootin' 'em like dogsmay be all dead now. For God's sake hurry!" whispered Connors, weakly, and then fainted.

In the circle in the canyon a little flicker of hope had arisen when Conpors was missed, and the shots and yells of the enemy thus accounted Helen Dudley Campbell will appear afor; but the probabilities were so much against any man being able to get The third act of "Fanst" with scenery through alive that it was a very small and costumes will constitute part of the flame, indeed. The heap in the center | mean

was larger, and the grim certainty that that fatal rush would come and the wish of all that it might come soon were stronger every minute. It was quite clear moonlight now. The shots of the enemy came faster, and had closed in perceptibly in the last hour. The men fired slowly, and the order was given for each man to use his last two cartridges on no account till the end. They could not see the Indians. but fired at the flashes. The faces of the men were set and rather pale; one with a bloody shirt sleeve bound tightly around his head, looking particularghastly. The wildest rumors wer entertained by the most hopeful, but the determination of despair had set tled on most. One poor wretch, mor tally wounded, lay near the center

trumpeters. Suddenly the shots came faster, and the flashes drew quite close, especially on the side where the defense was

talking loudly in his delirium. He

thought he was back at the fort with

his chum. Tom Gordon, one of his

"They're coming in a minute," said some one.

In an instant there was a harsh, wild yell of a single voice from the savages, and immediately the cry was taken up by the creatures hidden behind rock and sage bush, till the whole canyon seemed to be full of devils.
"Here they come, boys!" shouted the

sergeant. He was an older man than most of them, and his stern white face looked steady and cool as he raised his carbine for those last two shots. But there was a pause among the savages. Most of the men thought it

was the stillness that came before the rush. In the lull in the firing the voice of the wounded man could be heard. "Hark!" he said, in a hourse whisper, and raised his hand warningly.

"There's the bugle! It's Tommy. I'd know that bugle anywhere." But they thought he was raving, and he lapsed again into his fever, thinking he was at some great review. But the lientenant bent forward and listened. "Keep quiet," he said. "Listen!" And up the canyon, through the

heavy smoke of the rifles, came the notes of a bugle clear and distinct in the sudden silence. It was the "gal-It was rather a choking, feeble cheer

they gave, but it reached the regiment. "There they come!" yelled the ser-

geant, excitedly. And they dimly saw a dark mass in perfect order come around a projecting erag of the canyon and move swiftly and steadily up the great gulch. A few shots met the advancing column. The Indians around the circle were slipping away.

In a few moments the colonel stepped over the low breastwork, went up to the lieutenant, who was leaning dizzily against a rock, and took his hand. The colonel did not say anything, for he was not a demonstrative man, and perhaps he thought no words were needed. But he stood silent for several minutes, and the men came up and stood about looking with half-smothered curses and wild faces on the debrisstrewn bit of ground, on the cartridge shells, canteens, torn pieces of clothing, and on the pathetic heap in the center. Gordon, the trumpeter, had one of the bodies in his arms, and, with his back to the moonlight, was erving like a boy.

Connors woke at last, with a rather luxurious sense of weakness, with a dim recollection of some horrible dream, but with a feeling that it was all over now, and that he was rather happy and contented than otherwise. His head felt cool, and though when he tried to raise his hands he found that hey were so heavy he could not lift them six inches, the discovery somehow did not cause him much anxiety. from losing. but rather amused him.

He must have slept again, for the next thing he remembered was seeing a familiar little face above him, framed in the long tresses of brown hair that hung forward as she bent over him.

"Connors," she said, a little quaver ingly, as she softly stroked one of his thin hands, and the touch was wonderfully soothing to the invalid. "Con-nors, I'm so glad you're better. In a few weeks we'll be going out to look at the horses together again, won't we? And you have done the noblest thing I ever heard of. Connors, you're-you're the goodest man in the world, and my dearest friend!" and she leaned over and kissed him.

No one had ever kissed him before Perhaps it was because he was very weak, but he felt that he was crying. "Poon!" he said, faintly, with an ef fort to stop the tears running out the corners of his eyes, "me good!"-Francis Parsons, in Harper's Weekly.

"Papa, what is dynamite?" asked Willis. "It is a powerful explosive," returned his papa. "What's explosives. for?" the boy asked. "To blow things up," was the answer. "I guess my nurse must be an explosive, then," said Willis. "She's blowin' me up all the time."

#### A Dramatic Novelty.

Alexander Salvini, the popular romantic sctor, will, during his engagement at the Grand opera house, Chicago, now running, present an adapta-tion of Cavallerin Ensticana, Verga's Sicilian melodrama immortalized by Mascagni. Salvinf's version is similar Quarter, 41; half, 1:20; three-quarters, to the opera in story, though far more 2001%; mile, 2:41 8-5. forcible in action. A duel with clasp knives between Salvini and William which he had imposed upon a cycling Redmund is one of the realistic features tramp-printer for drunkenness because of the play. The dramatic action of the the latter gave his occupation as a play is accompanied by the sublime melodies of Mascagni.

#### Suthern's Unique Bing.

Young Sothern, the comedian, possesses a quaint antique ring. It is formed of fine gold and platinum wires, interwoven in what is called "basket pattern." It is evlindrical as well as freular, and possesses such great flexibility that its inner surfaces may be made to touch under pressure, get immediately resumes its original form upon being freed from pressure. It was found during the excavations at Pompeti and is supposed to be of Egyptian workmanship. No similar ring is known to exist.

Operatic Concert in Chicago. A grand operatioconcert is to be given at the Chicago Auditorium, Wednesday evening, February 1, in which Lillian Nordica, Emil Pischer, Softs Scalchil Italo Campanini, Sig. Bologua and sisted by an orchestra of fifty musicians.

## Your Painter

has often wasted time and material in trying to obtain a shade of color, and has even resorted to the use of reads nixed paints, the ingredients of which he knew nothing, because of the diffi-culty in making a shade of color with white lead. This waste can be avoided by the use of National Lead Company's

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MUSIC AND DRAMA. The Beckwith estate of Dowagiac.

Mich., has erected a memorial sheater in that city at a cost of about \$100,000. The noted tenor, Van Dyck, has written a cornedy entitled 'Matteo Fal-cone," which will soon be produced in

Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria will confer the honor of the gold medal of Litteris et Artibus mon Pietro Mas-Wemyss Henderson will go to Europe

in search of novelties for David Henderson's American Extravagenza company. Xaver Scharwenka has finished his opera, "Mataswintha," the first production of which will be given in Munich

in the full of 1898. John G. Bell will hereafter be known professionally as John G. Belden. Mr. Belden is the comedian with the Digby Bell Opera company.

Most authors find difficulty in selecting names for their characters. Charles Dickens walked the streets of London, studying the signs over the shops. The Metropolitan opera I suse in New

York is still in the same position it was after the fire, and its future is uncertain owing to lack of concerted action by the stockholders. Mansfield, who is everything else, has now become a dramatic Demos-

theres. He played seventeen times, in two weeks, at Philadelphia, and delivered seventeen classical orations before the curtain. The worfare against the wearing of high hats at the theaters is at its height now in Boston, and the heavy artillery is being brought out. One newspaper

theater is a distinct mark of ill breed-Mme. Duse, the Italian actress soon to appear in New York, has fifty per cent. of the gross receipts for her services and is only to play four times a large business to keep the Rescufeld Bros.

says that to wear such a hat at the

Steart Robson is a real-estate specuator. A year or two ago he purchased several lots in Denver and last week sold them at a profit of \$14,000. Mr. Robson is the owner of real estate in New York, Chicago and Boston, and is constantly on the lookout for a good INDAPO investment in this kind of property.

Miss Eleanor Calhoun, who has joined Coquelin as leading lady in his new plays for this season, is a descendant of John C. Cathoun. Miss Calhoun had previously been a member of Coquelin's company, and is probably the only American actress who ever learned French well enough to be mistaken by an audience for a native French woman, as she was. She is a California woman

WHIRRS OF THE WHEEL.

More rubber is used in the manufacture of bicycles than in any other busi-

A wooden rim for steel-wired bievele wheels is one of the spring novelties for

"It is an awfully easy thing to catch on to cycling," said the tack as he introduced himself into the tire.

Capt. A. D. Peck, of the Massachusetts bievele club, rode 4,866 miles last year. Since 1963 his record is \$6,534

Sixty-eight wheelmen have records of better than 2:85 for one mile, and the 2:30 list bids fair to equal the light har-

Ten years ago Englishmen neld all records for a mile and less, as follows:

A Milwaukee judge remitted a fine "typographical tourist."

The contest for the meet of the League of American Wheelmen is bringing out new interests every few weeks. All sections concede 1893 to Chicago, so they are laying wires for 1894. Buffalo is the latest to enter the field: Denver has already declared itself, and Asbury Park, N. J., is also in the field.

Preliminary arrangements have been made for a long-distance team to visit England in June and compete with some of the crucks of that country. F. Spooner, of Chicago, and Frank Walker, of California, will be among the Americans. A track race of twen ty-four hours for a cup will be the chief attraction.

SORELY AFFLICTED.

Amusing Story That Is Circulated the circles of the Black Bay which has created ripples of merriment whenever it was told. It appears while Mme. Patti was over here and was suffering from the bereavement of her dear dog. at the same hotel there sojourned Mrs. Iyasagi and her little daughter, who had just returned from a trip to Californis, and who were waiting for their house to be put in order. The great

self at Mrs. Iyasagi's door, and, present ing madame's compliments, requested, from being more lively than necessary "Madame says," she added, "the death

the message was received with an the grace such neighborly messages are usually received with, and was subse-quently related to the young lady per-sonally concerned in the matter. She listened, pouted prettily and then said:
"Oh, mamma! will you send up and tell Mme. Patti not to sing so much, be-cause my alligator is sick, and if he dies I'll be ever so much worried over it." It has not transpired whether the appeal ever reached the diva.—Boston

True, But-

"Not hurt? I don't believe it." "It's quite true. He fell off the botom rung."-Boston Globe.

The Wifely Remedy.

Mr. Brace (appealingly)-Oh! pshaw! Mary, there goes a suspender button off my trousers. Mrs. Brace (sweetly)-Never mind,

Pleasantries. Miss Cutter-You have not been in so ciety long, have you? Miss Planker-No; but I remember of

child.-Ladies' Weekly. One Good Thing. Arthur-I wonder how it would do to Bert-I don't know; it would be easy

A Doubtful Cause for Pride. Priscella-She looks as proud as if the whole world were under her feet. Prunella-Well, a good part of it is.

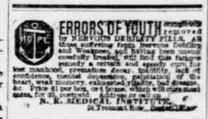
She Had Kept Count Mr. Skidds-What levely teeth Miss Ricketts has!

with two and a half bottles of SSS WILL C. BEATT.

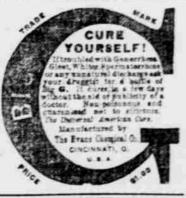
was troubled from childhood with an ar-avated case of Tetter, and three bottles of cured me permanetly.

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"CLEANLINESS IS NAE PRIDE, DIRT'S NAE HON-ESTY." COMMON SENSE DICTATES THE USE OF

SAPOLIO

An anecdote has been traveling round diva was nervous and anxious, the loss of her favorite having played havoc with her nerves, and she thought that the romping and merriment of the lit-

temperament.
Accordingly her maid presented herif possible, to restrain the young lady of her dog is a very great sorrow to her; she has not gotten over it yet, and if she gets too excited she could not

tle girl in the next suite of rooms was

particularly trying on her sensitive

"Roberts fell off a 30-foot ladder and wasn't hurt a bit."

dear; here's a safety pin.-Puck.

earing about you when I was a mere

have a game of baseball on the ice? enough, though, to slide to the bases. Harper's Young People.

She is from Chicago.-Town Topics.

Miss Fosdick-Yes; they are her third

How is Your Blood?

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"INDAPO MAN OF of the Condition of the

HINDOO REMEDY or and unitary had carried by the stands

FROM THE "PACIFIC JOURNAL." **Tutt's Hair Dye** 



Husband-I think I'll go out for a Nt-

tle walk, my dear. Wife (wrathfully)-I don't see how you can stand there and see your wife struggling with a fire that simply won't

Husband-I can't, my dear, that is the reason I am going out.-Puck

"You know the report we printed last night about Mawson's death?" said the sub-editor 'Yes," said the editor-in-chief.

Well, be was in here this morning

asking us to deny it." "And what did you say?" "I said we'd be very glad to when he presented proof that we were in error.

-Harper's Bazar. Why He Stole. Judge Duffy-If you know of any mitigating circumstances you are at

berty to state them. Prisoner-I don't know of any except that I took to stealing because I didn't want to loaf around the street corners and be taken for a detective. - Texas

Siftings.

A Chance to Blue Butcher-I need a boy about your size, and will give you three dollars a Applicant-Will I have a chance to

"Yes. I want you to be here at four o'clock every morning."-Life. First Quidmine-Did the town authorities take any appropriate action

Second Quidnunc-Yes; they had the fire bell rung while the funeral was going on .- Judge.

He Told Her.

on the death of Scruggs the million

Mother (putting the boy out of the pantry)-How many more times will I have to tell you to keep out of that pre serve jar?

Small Boy (sobbing)-No more, mamma. They're all gone.-Detroit Free No Mistalen.

Egyptologist-They had newspapers in ancient Egypt.

Host-Well! well! Did you find one? Egyptologist-No; but we found a fossil roseh and a petrified office towel. -N. Y. Weekly.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

M. W. LEVY, Pres. A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres

STATEMENT

Wichita National Bank Tade to the Comptreller of Currency at the Close of Business,

Sept 30th, 1892. RESOURCES. Loans and Disconts . . \$609.032.59 Bonds and Stocks... 36,532,22 U. S. Bonds ..... 50,000.00 Real Estate ..... 65,000.00 Due from U. S. .... 2,250.00

Overdrafts .... 8.241.55 Cash and Exchange, 231,297.60 \$997,358.96 LIABILITIES Capital .....\$250,000.00 Surplus ..... 50,000.00 Undivided Profits... 2,381.19 Circulation . . . . . . . 45,000.00

Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashr.

\$997,253,96

Deposits.... 649,972.77

John Davidson, Poincer Lumbermen of Sedgwick County.

ISTABLISHED :: IN::: 1870

a complete Stock of Pine Lumber shingles, Lath. Doors, sach, etc., always on hand. Office and yards on Mosley are ha tween Bonglas ave. and First at all brusch yards at Union City. Onla homa City. El Reno and Minto. Onla homa Territory.

L. D. SEINGER. W. If. Livrous ton

State National Bank

OF WICHITA, KAN.

\$100,000

DIRECTORS